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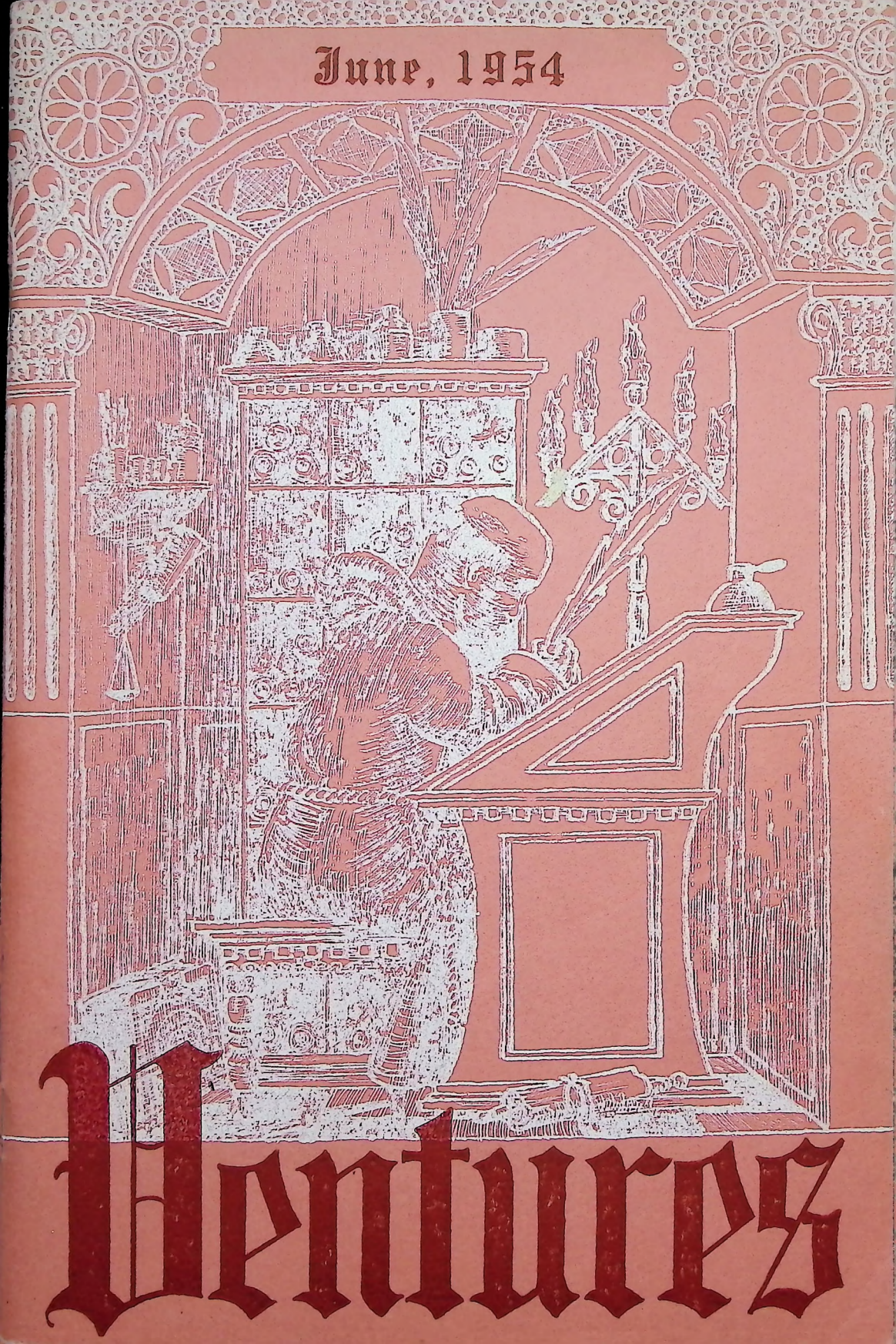

Ventures

Rosemary Warholyk
H. R. 114

VENTURES

A Book of Prose and Verse

JUNE, 1954

Printed and Published at

Lincoln High School

Cleveland, Ohio

Ventures is a composite of the work done in the English classes of Lincoln High School, Cleveland, Ohio, during the school year of 1953-1954.

The book was printed and bound in the school's Printing Department; Art Department pupils furnished the illustrations.

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In Appreciation

A real educator, a true humanitarian, and a community leader is Principal E. J. Bryan. He understands people and has the qualities which make young and old respect him and look to him for leadership.

As an educator, Mr. Bryan is revered throughout the city and the state. He began his teaching career at West High School where he taught for ten years. Then for ten years he served as Superintendent of the Cuyahoga County School System and then was appointed assistant superintendent of Cleveland Schools in charge of personnel. In 1943 he was given the post of principal of Lincoln High School and, as he says, "That was best of all."

Soon after becoming principal, Mr. Bryan began an extensive study of the community and its needs. His primary objective was: "To build a pupil-centered school in a school-centered community." He invited the clergymen, the businessmen, the social workers and the P. T. A. officers of contributing schools to a luncheon at which the guests discussed informally the problems of the community. One of the most urgent needs, it was soon evident, was a playground for the teen-age groups

and for the children of the community. The most desirable site for this seemed to be the land at the foot of Castle Avenue under the Clark Avenue Bridge.

The process that led to the purchase of the property was a long and tedious one. First the property was appraised. Then Mr. Bryan urged parents and community-minded citizens to write letters to Washington asking the federal government to make the land available for purchase by the City of Cleveland. Over ten thousand people wrote letters which were addressed to Congressmen Feighan, Bender, and Bolton, requesting their furtherance of this effort. After that Councilmen Paul Betley, B. H. Farnsworth, and Henry Speeth were asked to introduce legislation to provide funds for the purchase of the property.

At last work was begun. Trucks and bulldozers began to fill in and level the land. Today there are two baseball diamonds on this site. A football field and a stadium will be built.

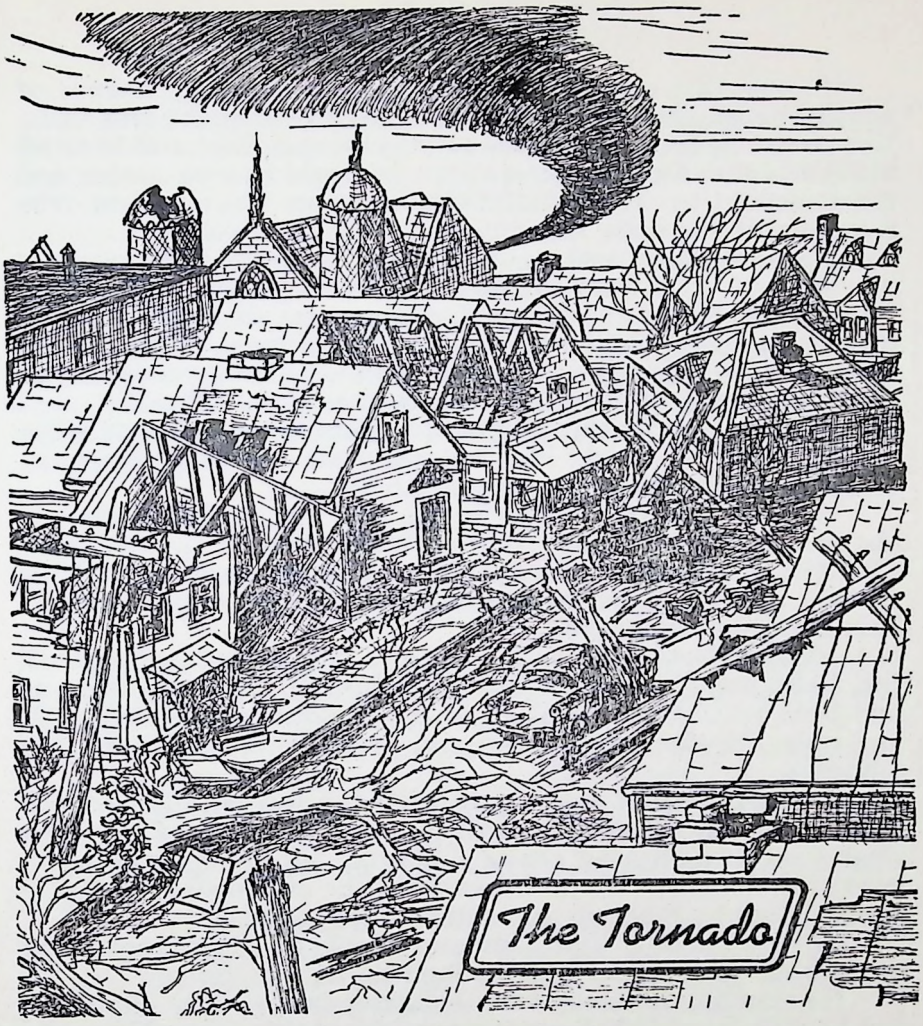
Mr. Bryan has given much time and thought to helping Lincoln students and the men and women in the area to become more effective community leaders. In 1944 he inaugurated a war bond drive at Lincoln in which $1,428,500 worth of war bonds were sold, enough to purchase a B-29 bomber which was christened "The Spirit of Lincoln."

For the past four years he has been urging board members to hasten production on the new auditorium for Lincoln. Now at last his dreams are coming true. The building is under construction. Every now and then Mr. Bryan modestly says "The auditorium will benefit the school and the community."

There is a close relationship between the principal and the teachers and between students and faculty at Lincoln. Mr. Bryan's contagious enthusiasm and leadership qualities have been an inspiration not only to the school but to the community. A citation by the Tremont Community Area Council was recently awarded to Mr. Bryan for his outstanding work in the community and for his foresight in bringing the school and the community closer together. Another citation was given to him by the National Office of the Crusade for Freedom "for outstanding work in fighting Communism through truth" by influencing 4,000 people in the area to write Freedom Grams to people behind the Iron Curtain.

Even Mr. Bryan is not indispensable and he will not always be with Lincoln. We can rest assured that through his initiative he has inspired others to become leaders, leaders who in turn will develop future leaders—thinkers of tomorrow.

Robert Buck, 12A



It pounced upon the city
Like a leopard on its prey,
Giving no warning, roaring
It came, The Storm.
Rushing toward the buildings,
Its fingers reaching wide.
Snatching at the structures
It destroyed, The Storm.
Trees caught in its grasp,
Strained, then crashed to earth
With twisted, grotesque trunks,
It brought ugliness, The Storm.

The ripping sound of roofs
Being torn from houses,
The loud shattering of glass
It spoke angrily, The Storm.
Frightened, crying children
Clutched by parents dazed
By the hopelessness of all,
It brought fear, The Storm.
Leaving behind broken dreams,
Death, grief-stricken families
As its dreaded calling cards,
It was gone, The Storm.

Carol Montali, 10A

Grandfather

In this fast changing world a person has little chance of remaining all through life in the home in which he was born. Nor would he have the desire to stay in one place and bear all kinds of hardship when elsewhere he could live an easier and more secure life. My grandfather, however, was a person, who remained in his little home town throughout his life.

As soon as he was strong enough to do so he worked on his father's little farm in the north-eastern part of Slovakia. Early in life he got to know and to love every inch of the fields; first by carrying the lunch bag for the workers, then as soon as he became older by pacing the distance, foot by foot, to the rhythmic swing of the scythe as he mowed the wheat.

His first and farthest departure from home occurred when during the First World War he was stationed in Hungary as an officer of the Austrian-Hungarian forces.

A real point of decision in his life was reached when in the threat of the nearing front of World War II, he was faced with the necessity of evacuating to a safer place. All of his friends and relatives, even his wife, had already moved to Germany, but he stayed.

He spent several days in a remote village and waited until the front had changed. When he returned, he found that he had been robbed of almost all of his tangible possessions. He had only the clothes he wore and some which he carried in a bundle.

He then started anew, gathering his few possessions and working on the little farm, waiting for the return of his wife. That's another striking feature of him. He always wanted to work. Although today he is nearly 80 he still insists on doing farm chores as much as his aching body permits.

At present he is living under the rule of Communism, but that doesn't matter to him as long as he's at home.

He strongly influenced my behavior in my early childhood and he still does. I shall always remember this dear old gentleman, his kindly smiling eyes, his hair which he always insisted on having cut short, and above all his love of work and his home.

Walter Glatz, 12A

The Candle

It flickered
As if to speak;
It leaped
As if to free itself;
It slowly died down
As if tired of trying.

Janice Heller, 10B

Resting

An old man was gently rocking in an old chair. Snowy white hair crowned a round chubby face. His eyes were gray and his nose was a rosy red. He smoked an old corn cob pipe. With a red woolen sweater pulled tightly around him, he read a magazine. He wore a pair of old gray pants that were held up by a pair of thick plaid suspenders. Blue woolen socks were partly covered by brown fur lined slippers.

As a pleasant aroma of smoke filled the room, the old man fell asleep, rocking gently. A pair of thick glasses slid down his small chubby nose and a smile of delight came over his wrinkled face. His corn cob pipe fell out of his mouth and he started snoring. Then all the wrinkles on his small face faded away.

Ronald Gratson, 8B

Which Way?

You are walking up a long drab road. Many, many other boys and girls are walking with you. Some are laughing and singing; others are silent just as you are.

There is a very dim light way up ahead. Everyone seems to be going the same way. Everyone is trying to reach the light. Some must be weary because they are drifting off to the side of the road and not coming with us. There are many tears shed at their departure, but after a time they are almost forgotten.

Now you're laughing; there seems to be no reason to laugh, but others are laughing, so you do too. Now you're crying. The tears are streaming down your face. You don't know why you cry; you just do.

Slowly, slowly, you're getting closer to the light. You are almost there. Every little while you laugh or cry, whichever it seems wise to do.

A few more steps and you're almost there. Here, here at last—but what now? There is a fork in the road. Now there are two roads from which to choose. Which one shall you take?

One is wide and very light; one not quite so wide. A good number are taking the latter, but not so many as took the other one.

Which way shall you go? Down the wide road that leads to limited happiness and uncertainty, or the narrow road that leads to hard work and then success?

No one can decide this for you. You have just come off the road of adolescence; you are about to choose the road you will take to the end. Choose carefully, for much depends on your choice.

Donna Hotz, 10A

The Lincoln Well

If you were entering Lincoln High School for the first time as I did a short semester ago, the well would doubtless impress you more than anything else. The entire spirit of Lincoln High School seems to be centered around the well. A statement frequently heard during a school day is "Meet me at the well." Between classes boys and girls stand around the well talking in a friendly manner, waiting for a friend, or just for the crowd to thin down. Everyone has, at some time or another, looked down the well. If you happen to be on the fourth floor, you see on the two floors below the students around the railing, all watching the seeming state of chaos on the first floor. It gives you the feeling of being a small cog in a big wheel. Every day at Lincoln High School is a busy day, but not one goes by without some reference to the well.

Eunice Perkins, 9A

Patriotism

The first thing that I can remember feeling strongly about was an intense interest in World War II and the effort that was made to win it. I suppose people would say that I was too young to have feelings of loyalty or patriotism. I confess I really didn't know very much about them at the time. I think what really influenced me was the fact that I was just getting to the point in school where reading was fun and I would read the front pages of the newspapers for practice.

Suddenly the whole meaning of the war came to me. From that time on, the air raid wardens, blackouts, war bond drives and scrap drives took on a new meaning for me. Now almost nine years later I have that same intense interest in the Korean peace talks and other news. I have a strong feeling about Russia and her policies of aggression. These things and many others now affect my future plans for college.

I, like thousands of others, have registered for the draft, and the possibility of all-out war or even a police action makes me feel like a bullfighter going into the bull ring. He knows that the bull hasn't got a chance to kill him because the percentages are with him, still some bullfighters are killed each year and he wonders whether he will be one of them. That question of the possibility of being drafted is in the minds of almost all our youth and I suppose the only answer to it for me is to be prepared to do my duty and serve my two years in the army, all the time reading the news and hoping that an all-out war can be avoided.

David Thomson, 12B

Little Ballerina

Turning, skipping, spinning, leaping,
Gauzy costume whirling, glittering
To the music's lilting sounds,
Under many colored spotlights,
Dances the little ballerina.
She's forgotten that many hundred
Eyes are watching, enraptured
By her graceful movements and
The violin's haunting music.
She just dances, dances, dances
Under many colored spotlights.
And her costume whirls and glitters
As her satin-clad feet like needles
Embroider patterns of pleasure.
The violins sing
And the little ballerina dances.

Ray Tymczyszyn, 10B

The Clock

Every child, at one time or another, gets into trouble because of his curiosity. This driving urge has improved the minds of some children and has spelled trouble for others.

As a child, I was given my own clock to take care of. It was neither attractive nor accurate, but it fascinated me. Every evening I was obliged to wind it. If I ever forgot to wind it, for some mysterious reason it would stop running, but jostle it a bit and it would start again, if only for a while. Finally one idle afternoon, my inquisitiveness got the better of me. I pried off the top, unscrewed the covering, and behold, a miniature factory all running in perfect rhythm in a little world of its own! There were coils and screws and screws and coils. How fascinating this mechanism was! For a few minutes I was held spell-bound. Then with a tiny screwdriver I began to tinker with parts that could possibly be the answer to my question.

In a half-hour I had reduced the mass to a coil and a few odd pieces. As I scrutinized my palmful, I suddenly realized that my father had made his way up the stairs and was only a few steps away from my room. In one desperate effort I grabbed a handful of those odd-shaped pieces, put them into the covering of the clock, pressed the face in, and clamped the glass top on; but it was too late. My effort had been in vain. My father soon guessed what I had been up to. Today that same clock, unattractive and inaccurate as ever, lies tucked away in some remote corner of my trunk, a memo of my curiosity.

Myra Beryk, 12B

Another World

Most people think that there is only one world on the earth, but they are really mistaken. Strangely enough, there are two. "Dream Land" is the name of the other world. In this make-believe land, things are altogether different. Houses, made of twinkling stars and sparkling gems, shimmer under the sun. Dressed in gaudy costumes, amusing little dwarfs and fairies are prancing about. There are trees and bushes, covered with gold and silver fruit, and flowers. Rivers are filled with bubbling, pink lemonade, that swiftly gurgles over the chocolate river bed. Tiny peppermint fences are sprinkled lightly with dazzling jewels in every color of the rainbow. Outside of a beautiful castle, a golden coach, drawn by eight black horses with ruby eyes, waits for a prince and a princess. Dressed in silks and satins, they are carried aloft into the clouds.

Anita Kozak, 8B

Cisco Kid

The house is still and quiet
When suddenly you hear cowboy music—
Cisco Kid is on television tonight.
Out come the guns and the bench for a horse;
Out come the cowboy pants and cowboy hats.
The living room turns into an open range,
The cowboys gallop around and shoot everyone in sight:
They shoot the bad men and even poor Dad, who is trying to read the paper.
If you, by some mistake, sit on one of their horses, you get tied up and gagged.
The living room couch is the meeting place,
They gather there to discuss their plans, and continue.
Then all of a sudden everything stops.
You look up and see that *Cisco Kid* has come to an end.
Away go the cowboy hats and cowboy pants,
Away go the guns and the holsters,
You can expect a little peace around the house for at least another hour.

Carol Lindsen, 11A

Growing Up

Children, the world over, at some time in their adolescence or in their early teens, feel unwanted and unappreciated. As time goes on and they mature, they find that the world and the people in it are not as unfeeling and heartless as they seem.

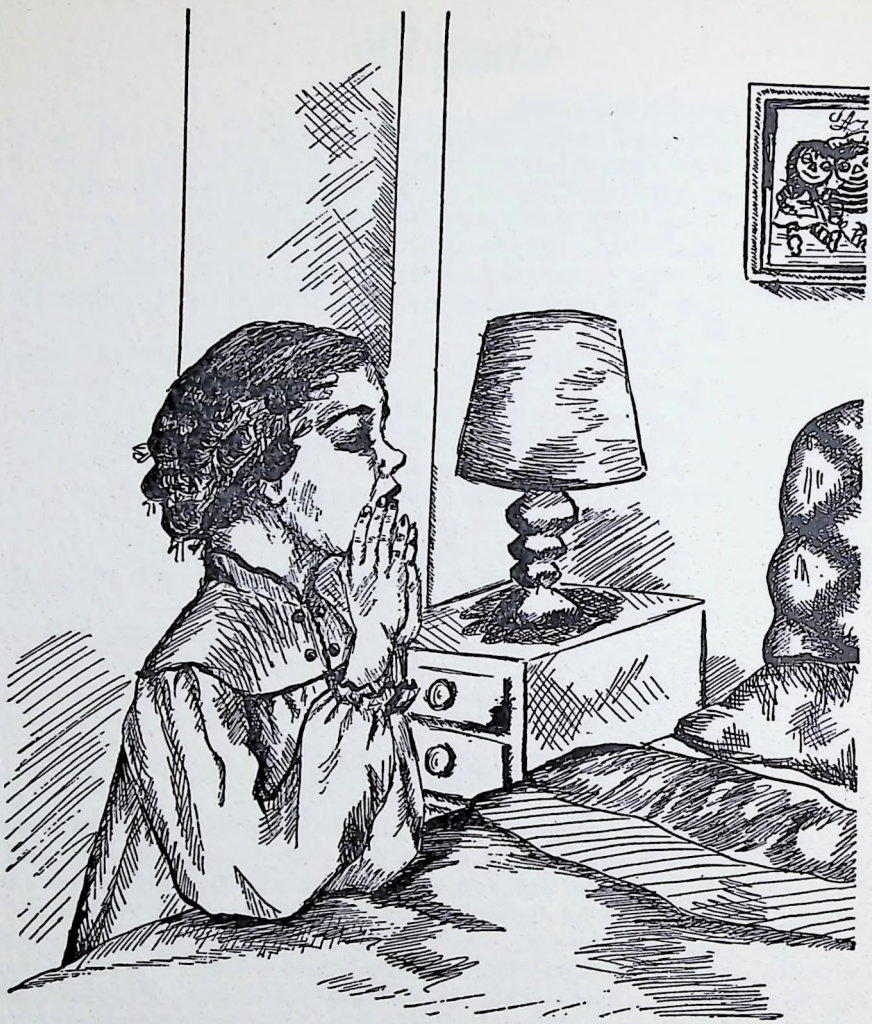
Not many years ago, I felt unwanted, especially when my parents or older sisters and brothers scolded me. Not until the day I went home and found my mother so ill that she thought that death was near at hand, did I realize the love a mother has for her children.

When I first went into her room it was dark and she was mumbling to herself as a result of a high fever. Suddenly she called for all of us to come to her bedside, for she thought she was coming to the end of her journey and getting ready to go into another world. First Mom called my eldest brother and asked him to take care of her little baby, meaning me, and to protect her and help her solve her problems. When I heard her speak of me and when I considered how I had misjudged her, I broke down and cried as I had never cried before.

I think God must have seen how much we needed Mother and did not take her away from us.

From this experience I realized that the person who scolds you for your own good is the one who really cares.

Harriet Baltas, 10A



A Child's Prayer

Dear God, please let all warfare cease,
And teach this world ideas for peace.
Let love and kindness guide us when
Hate seems to rule the hearts of men.
Oh, let good will be understood,
And make us live as brothers should.
Oh, let us then see great increase
Of happiness that comes with peace.
Teach us to see and know all men
As brothers of Our God. Amen.

Dolores Pus, 9B

An Exceptional Landlord

In these days landlords as a class are feared and hated by the public because they usually treat those who rent from them with little or no consideration and raise rent as high as possible.

However, Bill, our landlord, is just and considerate of his renters. He considers owning property an obligation, and seeing to its upkeep a full-time job. Bill is an efficient workman, competent to do all types of repair work; carpentry, electrical work, plumbing, plastering, and even bricklaying.

He loves children and is deeply interested in their welfare. Although he has no little ones of his own, he wants to see that all children get what they need and does all he can to promote recreational facilities in the community.

Occasionally on Saturday evenings, Bill comes to visit us and we discuss politics, sports, and community affairs. Frequently he tells us about his experiences in Europe where he was born about fifty years ago. But whatever topic Bill talks on, his discourse is always interesting. He has a good sense of humor and tells amusing incidents well.

Bill's diction and his knowledge of world affairs give one the impression that he is a college graduate. Actually he has had almost no formal education, but he has a good mind and his extensive vocabulary is the result of constant reading.

During the latter part of last summer, he met with an accident. His patience during his hospitalization revealed his self-control.

He was plastering in an upstairs suite when some of the plaster containing lime fell into his eye. Following the accident it was discovered that there was danger of Bill's losing the sight of one eye. Bill then had to remain in bed for many weeks and endured much pain.

During his stay in the hospital his tenants and his neighbors missed him sorely. They missed his laughter, his jokes, and his helpfulness.

Bill is proof that not all landlords are inconsiderate and selfish. I shall always remember Bill for being such a wonderful landlord.

Patricia Morris, 10A

Rain

Rain, rain, dashing rain
How we love its feel again.
Big puddles, little puddles
See how they grow.
The gutters spout,
The ditches flow.

Carol Ann Kershaw, 9B

Sheer Terror

It was a cold, rainy night; the thunder resembled sharp, whipcracking noises in the dark heavens; and the lightning crashed through the sky like Sabre jets.

I was all alone in the house sitting near the fireplace reading the newspaper when a news broadcast came over the radio. A crazed maniac had escaped from the state asylum within fifteen miles of our home. The news broadcaster said that everyone within twenty miles of the asylum should bar the doors and windows.

As soon as I heard the news, I remembered that we were not very far from the asylum. I jumped up to lock the doors and windows. As I got to the kitchen door, I heard a scratching at the door. I was terrified. I didn't know what to do, and so I ran to the telephone and called the police. They said that they would try to hurry out, but that the storm had caused considerable damage and they were being held up by the traffic.

Suddenly I heard the scratching at the door again and then the meowing of a cat. In my terror I had forgotten that I had let the cat out earlier. I opened the door and picked up the cat, soaking wet from the rain. I took it into the living room and sat by the fireplace. As I was drying it, I heard a noise upstairs. Terrified I recalled that I had not locked the upstairs windows.

When I reached the top of the stairs, I heard the loud crashing again. It was coming from my mother's bedroom. I went in slowly. To my surprise I found that the storm had blown open the window and that it was banging against the side of the house. After I had closed the window I went to my bedroom and opened the door. Just as I reached the light switch I heard a scraping at the window. Then I thought I saw a figure standing on the veranda outside my bedroom. I moved close to the window. A black figure seemed to be slowly swaying back and forth. Again I looked. I saw only a broken branch, scraping against the window.

I turned away and started for the stairs. Suddenly something soft brushed against my legs. It was the cat. I picked it up and went downstairs. I turned on the radio just in time to hear the news bulletin. The maniac had been captured. I began reading the newspaper again when I heard voices outside and a loud banging on the door. It was the police. With them were my mother and sister. My terror vanished.

Marcia Haselow, 10B

Rivers

Rivers are part of a mighty hand,
Pressing its fingers into the land.

Nancy Churpek, 9B

The Menace

My little brother, to whom I like to refer as "Dennis the Menace," is quite an unusual boy. He is very mischievous, but I guess that wouldn't make him unusual.

In appearance, he is small and thin, but believe me, he packs a punch that closely resembles Rocky Marciano's. If you don't feel like taking my word for it, ask my other brother, who is often a victim of this little tornado. He also reminds me of a tiny elf because of his smallness and because of a few missing teeth. His hair has a peculiar way of being in his eyes most of the time. And when he is thinking up one of his pranks, you can see the mischief in his big brown eyes.

Dennis is a very intelligent boy. You can never get by him without being asked, "Do you know the location of your brain?" Dennis is frequently sprawled out on the floor intently studying a picture in "The Book of Knowledge"—usually of the human brain, heart, or other parts of the body normally avoided by the teen-age set. For his six years on this earth he has learned a lot, maybe too much.

Like all kids, he loves TV. Never a Saturday passes that this little terror doesn't watch "The Lone Ranger." Of course he likes variety in his programs. I think he prefers Gleason for comedy, "Zoo Parade" for education, and horror movies before retiring. The other night he insisted that I go to bed at ten o'clock because he had just finished watching a movie, named "The Creeper," and had been informed that it was time for bed. "Sis, I'll have nightmares" was his excuse for the plea that I retire. His nightmares are usually nightmares for Sis, too, because he always crawls into my bed, cold feet and all. Imagine, a warm bed, cold feet in your back! Yes, Dennis is quite a character. Now, I can see why my mother gave him that name. I was right in the first place, Dennis does rhyme with "MENACE."

Charlene Dailey, 10B

The First Snow

Tiny fluffy snowflakes sail to the ground
Covering the streets and houses of the city,
With a soft blanket of sparkling white.
Trees stand cold, calm, and black
Against the clear icy blue sky.
People hurry silently across the icy walks
To warm and happy homes.
All is quiet on the night of the first snow.

Dorothy Winovich, 10A

Flying Saucers

I've heard giant saucers are flying around,
They come from outer space.
Do you think when they land with a crashing sound,
We will know the time and place?

Donna Cregg, 9B

America the Beautiful

Times were bad in Austria three years ago. Therefore you can imagine what joy it was when on January 24, 1951, after a ten-day journey across the Atlantic, we could see the skyline of New York, which was our first glimpse of America, this wondrous land. The Statue of Liberty stood there, a symbol of freedom. Tears came to our eyes when, on the 25th, we actually stepped on American land.

Being a foreigner, and not knowing the language of the country in which you intend to live, may often lead to all sorts of experiences. The first year in a new country, as any foreigner can tell you, is a year of confusion. Learning the language, getting used to the new customs and standards of life, is a hard task.

My relatives, who are the most helpful people I have ever known, tried to make everything as pleasant as possible for my parents and me. During the first few weeks with them, life was simply wonderful. But then, when my parents finally decided that it was high time for me to go back to school, everything began to take on a gloomy look. I began to be frightened. It was not the great amount of study I had to do in order to learn the language, but the thought of not being able to learn it, that frightened me.

Finally I enrolled at Lincoln, and was put in Mr. Molinari's class, where for one semester, I studied with all the other newcomers. The teachers, as well as the pupils, were very kind to me, and soon I began to feel at home. But oh, how often was I asked a question which I didn't understand! These then, were times when I gave my teacher a blank look and wished to be back in Austria where at least I could understand the people.

But the friendliness and help of everyone I came in contact with helped me along the way. Now that I have been here for three years, I can say that I have learned many new things and made many new friends. I have enjoyed every minute of my life here. I can hardly wait for the next two and a half or three years to pass. For at that time I can become a citizen of the United States; this, in my opinion, will be a great honor.

This is a great country. I can't thank God enough for making it possible for my parents and me to come here.

Brigitte Gegner, 11B

Prelude to a Storm

The air lies heavy on the quiet countryside.
The trees stand motionless and solemn.
Under blades of grass sensitive insects hide.
Over the horizon grey clouds rise like a column.
The clouds spread fast and soon cover the sky
Adding darkness and tension to the silence.
A gust of wind and trees bow low their heads.
A flash of light, thunder, and the storm breaks loose.

Walter Glatz, 12A

Felis Domestica

If you are thinking of getting a cat at your house and would like a few facts about what your life will be like under Felis Domestica you have come to the right person. At the present moment, I am working for nine of these four-legged chiselers.

Cats are not only chiselers, they are shameless flatterers as well. While you are eating your dinner, they will roll over and beg, or give you piteous looks that seem to say, "I'm starving," and you feel forced to give them some of your food.

It makes no difference whether pussy has just finished her dinner or not, she will still beg for your food. Another example of rare affection is shown when pussy does something she is not supposed to do and knows it. She will do everything in her power to bribe you into forgiving her.

Kitty hates dirt, bad smells, and poor food, and gets upset when you come home late. But, it's none of your business when she decides to stay out several nights in succession. Either you trust her or you get rid of her.

Leading the double life is another thing your cat may be inclined to do. This means that pussy divides her time between two homes, sufficiently far apart, so that each homeowner thinks pussy is hers. Occasionally, you may find that your feline has three or even four homes.

The most touching gift your cat can give you is a mouse she catches. Last summer, one of my cats brought home five or six rats or mice a day. She probably cleaned our street of all rodents and several other streets as well.

Josephine Priever, 10A

Dream House

The long road turns and runs downhill
Between the trees, through which the sun
Makes changing patterns on the road.
An old bay grazes on the hill,
His time of toil long over.
A small brown mare comes whinnying through the wood,
Her light feet rustling in the grass.
And then at last I see the house
With wooden gate ajar in welcome.
Around the house the south winds sigh
Whispering their secrets to the trees.
Under the eaves the swallows nest,
Breaking the silence of the day
With their soft twitterings.
And to this home I come when shadows lengthen,
This home I love, that hides among the trees.

Marilyn Molter, 11B

Spring

I always have a satisfied feeling during spring. When I see the blooming trees, sprouting flowers and the lawns that look like thick velvet, I get a feeling of happiness, fulfillment, and pride. Then comes the soft caressing breeze that is like a sweet, flowing tune. Spring is such a beautiful time of the year that it seems to spread satisfaction from person to person and to make everyone aware of the miracles of nature.

Diana Gonzales, 9A

The Coward

Johnny was a coward and he knew it. The worst of it was that everyone else knew it. Johnny belonged to a rich family, but all the money in the world couldn't stop him from being afraid of any boy who spoke roughly to him.

Johnny had a few friends with whom he played running games during lunch hour, after they ate. One day a boy, about an inch shorter than Johnny, stopped him while he was playing. The boy's last name was Finst; Johnny knew because he had heard one of Finst's buddies call him by that name.

"Where are you goin'?" asked Finst, pulling Johnny's shirt collar up in the air.

"Nowhere," answered Johnny meekly, his heart beating fast and his voice quavering.

"You wanna fight?"' Finst came straight to the point. He had wanted to beat up this sissy for a long time, and now he had his chance.

"No, I don't like fighting," said Johnny, and he tried to walk away, but Finst's hand was there to stop him. Finst's friends, who were watching, yelled "Boo!" and "Sissy!"

Out of the corner of his eye, Johnny saw the girl he liked, walking toward them! What would she think? Swallowing, he mumbled, "C'mon," and lifted his clenched fists.

With a smile, Finst swung a loose haymaker at Johnny, and the latter caught the blow squarely on his jaw. Although everything was a blur to Johnny, he plunged forward with both fists swinging wildly. "This is it," he thought, "now or never!" Faintly he heard the bell ring, marking the end of the period.

One of Johnny's punches must have hit Finst, because, as Finst ran toward the door, he held his head down, trying in vain to conceal his tears. "I'll get you for this!" he yelled back.

Johnny glanced swiftly at his girl friend, who was also going toward a door. He felt satisfied and braver. It was the first time in his whole life that he had felt this way, and he enjoyed the feeling.

Tom Coon, 7B

Green Magic

Peeping up through the snow
Comes the grass in the early springtime;
Making no noisy entrance,
Just courageously, steadily growing.
Dandelions slip in beside it
And raise their bright heads in the sunshine.
Bare feet come running over the soft, new grass
Horses and cows in the pasture feed on it day and night.
Children merrily roll on the grassy slopes of the hillside.
Green and gold, spring is here;
But father soon breaks the charm,
Saying, "Son, you must mow the lawn."

Dolores Stewart, 10A

A Good Home

"You children first; Dad and I last," is what Mom always says when it comes to the purchase of new things for the family.

Mom wears last year's coat another winter just so little Susy can get a pair of shoes or Jackie a new coat. When we tell her to buy what she needs she invariably replies, "Dad needs a pair of pants," or "I'll get one when they have a sale."

Despite being the mother of five growing children Mom looks pretty young for her age. We always tease her by saying she's so busy taking care of us that she hasn't time to worry about getting old.

Mom has light brown hair with just a few strands of gray hair, hardly noticeable, and blue-green eyes. She has lovely eyebrows, to which she hasn't done anything in her life. Although she's a little on the chunky side, Mom looks real nice when she's dressed up.

With mischievous little Susy around the house, Mom hasn't time to belong to any clubs except the local P. T. A. And even then she hasn't time to attend all the meetings. She resolves she is going to join a few more clubs when Susy gets a little older.

When it comes to cooking and baking you can't beat Mother. She makes delicious lemon pies and Lazy Daisy cakes. She always bakes for our parties and school bazaars when we ask her to. Whenever friends drop in she has something on hand for them, an apple or a piece of chocolate cake.

It's Mother whom we come to when we need a nickel for notebook paper or money for the movies. It's Mother who sees that we have the things other children have, and it's Mother who sees that we have something some children don't have—a good home and love!

Barbara Churlik, 10B

Redemption

They offered Him all power and might—
The kingdoms of the earth;
He took instead His Father's land,
Where souls may have rebirth.
They offered Him their riches if
He would their sins forgive;
But He preferred the lame, the blind,
And bade the dead to live.
They offered Him a golden crown,
As King to Him they'd bow;
He chose instead a crown of thorns
Upon His holy brow.
They turned against Him at the end
And had him crucified;
But He forgave, and on a cross
For all of them He died.

DeAnna Lucko, 11B

A Short Short Story

"That white stuff is falling outside again," thought Pal, as he was lying on his blanket on the cold basement floor. "I think I'll move in closer to the furnace; it's starting to get cold in here."

A little black and white dog arose from a blanket on the floor and crept close to the furnace where he curled into a ball and began to sleep.

"What's that?" said Pal to himself as a call awakened him from his slumber. "My master is calling me. He's asking me if I want to go outside. Now that's a foolish question. Where can you find a dog that doesn't want to go outside every chance he gets? The only trouble is that in this weather I go outside, get my feet wet and then get scolded for tracking up the floor. Well I guess I'll go anyway. Maybe the consequences won't be quite as bad as usual."

Pal ran up the stairs and out the door which his master was holding open for him. Glancing quickly about and sniffing the air for any signs of a familiar scent, he began the long run to the woods.

"It surely is nice here in the woods," thought Pal as he plodded along the familiar path. "Now, what's this in the path? Why, it's a little girl's mitten. I wonder what it's doing here in the woods? I think I will investigate."

Pal took a long sniff, smelling the glove to get the scent, and started to run down the path with his nose to the ground, following the smell. He rounded a bend in the trail and said to himself, "The scent is very strong here; it seems to be coming from the thicket."

Pal ran over to the thicket and looked inside the first row of small trees. "Why, there is a little girl here," he said to himself in wonderment. "I had better go for help." And off he ran to the nearest farm house.

On arriving he raised the roof—well almost that is—with his barking, until the farmer came to the door.

"Why, he's telling me to go away; doesn't he understand that there is a little girl in the woods?"

Pal grabbed the farmer's coat tail and began to pull him toward the woods. Finally the farmer seemed to understand. Pal led the farmer to the trail in the woods and then to the little girl. When the little girl saw the farmer she began to cry. Since Pal didn't like to see little girls cry, or little boys for that matter, he started the long trek home. When he got there the door was latched and all the lights were out. Pal began to bark. Finally a light went on in the back of the house. His master came to the door and let him in. Down into the basement Pal flew, because he knew that if his master got

close to him he would get a swat on the tail. He ran over to his blanket and lay down.

The next day after his master had read the morning paper, he said to Pal, "Why can't you be like that dog in the paper who saved the mayor's daughter's life by finding her in the woods?" Pal just looked up at him and said to himself, "This surely is a dog's life; anything I do seems to be wrong. If I may say so, I just can't understand these human beings."

Ralph Kepp, 12B

Before Dawn

I love to sit watching the twinkling stars,
The friendly moon in the lonely night
With darkness around, while above me
The sky is filled with a soft, dancing light.
Yet the light has no glory or brightness,
Only a glow that fills me with wonder
And my heart with a great gladness.
Then with the coming of dawn
The stillness is shattered and broken,
The loveliness is gone.

Don Becher, 11A

The Cat

A large gray-and-white tomcat walked slowly across the well-kept lawn. Tufts of fur had been pulled from his body, his ears were chewed, and he walked with a slight limp. All this showed that he had lost another battle. Perhaps he was looking for a quiet and peaceful place to rest. I do not know whether he was or not, but I do know that he walked into a small church.

That hot Sunday morning in early June, the doors of the church were open and passersby could hear bits of the sermon and hymns. Bees droned noisily about the flowers and trees, and butterflies clung to the flowers. And then the cat walked slowly up the steps to the door of the church.

At the door he hesitated as if fearful to enter. Finally he poked his head around the door and entered. Slowly and carefully he walked down the center aisle. The congregation paid no attention to him. Suddenly he turned and walked quickly back up the aisle. Outside, he blinked at the bright sunlight, walked carefully down the steps, and disappeared into the bushes. The bees droned on ever more noisily and the butterflies clung more firmly to the flowers. Only I had noticed the cat that went to church.

Josephine Priever, 10A

Great Beauty

There is great beauty in the world
For you and me to see:
A flag when it is just unfurled,
A bird, the sky, a tree
And flowers, bright and gay.
We are blessed in every way.

Ed Libal, 10B

The Falling Ledge

The most eye-catching sight I can remember was in the Blue Ridge Mountains of Pennsylvania. As we rode along in the car, a ledge reminded me of an old tree ready to fall. It did fall. The ledge broke off with a sound like the crack of a rifle.

As the rocks came down they seemed to have pride in their fall, as if they had been waiting for this moment for thousands of years. After the stones settled, a small dust screen formed, a beautiful rust color. The small particles of sand sparkled in the sunlight like polished jewels.

As the car traveled on I was amazed at the procedure of the falling ledge.

Walter Maximuk, 9A

I am Proud of Her

I don't remember exactly when it was that I began to notice the attractiveness and the many good qualities of Dorothy. Since she is my sister, she has lived with me all my life; I guess I had taken her for granted without even realizing it.

Her dark brown hair seems to bring out the brown eyes. She is a beautiful girl. In age, we are only a year apart and consequently we have been constantly compared. Every one she has met has noticed her beauty but because of her modesty she never has made me feel inferior or neglected.

As we grew older, I began to come to her with my problems although she is younger than I. She always understood and tried to help me. In spite of my efforts I couldn't quite learn how Dorothy never lost her temper. Often I felt ashamed of myself for having said nasty or cruel things to her because I knew she would never say such things to me.

Dorothy was always patient. When she was thirteen, she began to sew. She made almost all of her clothes. She never became disgusted while sewing, as I did when I attempted it. Without saying anything, I think she realized that her home-made clothes were prettier than my store-bought ones. For this reason she never hesitated to let me wear hers. She always made them so that they would fit both of us.

Many people have asked us how we can get along so well together. They say sisters usually argue. We always just smile or laugh and say we really don't know or make some remark, such as "What's the use of arguing?" But I know that the reason for our pleasant relationship is that Dorothy understands people. I can only try to be as wonderful a sister to her as she has been to me.

Geraldine Slezak, 10A

The Flight

Years ago we had to leave our home to escape people who were unfriendly to us. I still recall clearly the summer evening; I was only eight then. It seemed to be quiet, but often there was heard a suppressed noise. The roads were crowded with trucks carrying soldiers and ammunition. Military trains left very often, bound toward the east.

When my mother returned from the small town, she brought with her a pair of leather boots. I asked, "What are those for?" She didn't answer my question directly, but said that we should have to go somewhere.

In general, the atmosphere was one of downheartedness. It seemed to me that everyone was preparing for the worst, which I didn't know then. My father was not at home. He still was doing his duty toward the parish. His absence increased my eagerness to know. Mother was packing a suitcase with warm underwear and socks. Very often she was interrupted by phone calls. I always heard her speak in an affirmative voice, as "O. K., it's taken care of, we'll leave soon."

After sunset, we finally left. Through the back door we went out into the garden. The grass was wet. I saw tears in my mother's eyes. Not knowing the reason I tried to comfort her.

"Mommy, why are you crying?" I asked.

"Oh, it's nothing, I just can't . . . "

I believe she meant to say that she just couldn't leave home like that, without any hesitation. As we got out of the garden we followed quiet country roads until we reached the all-hiding wood. I didn't feel safe at all as we followed narrow paths and circled around quiet roads, although there was nothing on them. A few raindrops fell; then I heard thunder. Often we paused; then my mother listened, and we continued our secret trip. I felt as if there were men behind certain bushes, as if somebody was observing us, as if there were all-observing eyes looking at us through the green of the wood. When I got tired, Mother begged me to walk, or she led me by the arm.

I don't remember how long we walked, but the wood ended. Dawn was approaching; I saw the silhouette of a small wood near the outskirts to wait.

My mind began to work as I looked around. The sky was without stars. Sometimes the countryside was set all aglow. This happened at regular intervals, as if there were giant's eyes. They opened angrily, slowly ran full of blood, and then closed again. So it went on and on, sometimes accompanied by a distant roll of thunder. I felt something powerful, I had

it almost exactly fixed in my mind. But then my mind failed to grasp it, it simply slipped away. Perhaps that was a feeling of dependence of all mankind upon something higher above, an unclear sense about God. I do not know.

Ivars Kugrens, 12B

A Mystery

It comes at night
And leaves at dawn
When you get up
The moon is gone.
Children wonder
Where it goes.
Into the land
Where no one knows.

Carolyn Kruck, 9A

The Sea

I like to stroll down by the sea
Where waves break high, and where I see
Ships go by like ghosts at night,
Where beauty rises to her height,
Where stars twinkle in the sky
And where I hear the seagulls cry.
I like to walk along the shore
And delve into my memory's store.
I think clean thoughts of God and man.
I use my mind to seek and plan
Afar from daily work and strife
I feel as though I'm truly free
Just as God planned for me to be.

Edward Libal, 10B

A Soldier's Prayer

He fought his best through rough and cold.
He proved to all that he was bold.
Every night he prayed for peace,
And wondered when the war would cease.
His loved ones waited far behind,
With empty hearts and worried minds.
Just like the folks of years gone by
When wars were won but the price was high.
And so once more death made a call.
His dying prayer was "Peace for all."
So deep in our hearts make peace our aim,
That this soldier's life be not in vain.

Thomas Swiatek, 7B

Ideals

Today, as I look at myself, I find that I am a carbon copy of my brother and sister in many respects. I was undoubtedly no exception to the rule that young children have a tendency to admire and to idealize someone older. I was fascinated by the sparkle of my older brother and sister. My brother was the most handsome person I knew or cared to know, and very talented. He had a treasure of gadgets and curiosities to browse among. My sister was the most charming sister anyone could ever have. With a bubbling personality, she was full of ideas to keep my young mind occupied. Yes, I loved, admired, and esteemed my brother and sister. They were the objects of my strongest feelings. These heart-felt feelings have continued through the years until today. But the sparkle of my brother and sister have lessened a bit. Lovable, vivacious nephews and nieces have taken their place and they possess the ultimate of love in my heart. They are very fond of me—a proud uncle. They are gaiety, colorfulness, lovableness, and sweetness blended into one. I eagerly anticipate every moment spent with them.

Through the years, my most memorable moments have found my attention and love revolving about my brother and sister. Today, my attention and love centers about my nephews and nieces. I shall ever hold in my heart the tiny fire of the personality of each of these beloved beings.

Don Myers, 12B

Stormy Night at Sea

A constant thundering noise woke me up. I dressed quickly and went on deck. The night was black; the waves darker, wilder, and higher than I had ever seen them. They reached up to the blackness of the sky. There were no stars.

Rain was falling, or maybe it was the foam of the angry ocean rising. I do not know. The ship fought its way through the night rolling from side to side. Now its nose was reaching high into the sky; now it was thundering down into the sea.

The wind was whistling along the starboard side and through the open corridors on the second deck. The fog grew thicker and thicker. From somewhere out of this white wall came a strange sound—the foghorn of another ship. I looked toward the bridge. I could barely see the red and green lights through the mist.

A light was shining by the wheel. It revealed a silhouette of figures in uniform. The crew of the ship was guiding the ship and her passengers through the night. The radar men on top of the foremast were turning, piercing the fog, searching for signs of danger. They gave me the feeling that all was well. I went back to sleep.

Ray Tymczyszyn, 10B

Snowflakes

Snowflakes falling one by one,
No more days of summer fun.
Snowflakes falling two by two,
There are many things to do.
Snowflakes falling three by three,
Winter fun for you and me.
Snowflakes falling five by five,
All are struggling to survive.
Snowflakes falling six by six,
Whirling, twirling, doing tricks.
Snowflakes swirling round and round,
Ever tumbling to the ground.
Will they continue evermore,
To pile upon the earthly floor
Or will they slowly melt away,
In the light of the day?
The answer you are sure to know,
When spring comes back to say "hello."

William Curran, 11B

A Guiding Light

The following words once caught my attention: "The home is a place where you hang your hat, eat, and sleep."

And I thought, "What person in his right senses could make a statement like that?" I surely could not force the words from my lips. I would be ashamed. I think that some others share my feelings, as this simple incident indicates.

A boy said to his companion, "Where shall we eat if there isn't a diner open?"

With confidence and trust the other replied, "Why, we'll go to my house." And I thought, he must have security in his home. In his heart his home is a refuge, as well as a guiding light.

I feel that each person must have some secret hiding place reserved for thinking, a place reserved for resting. Mine is my home. To be more exact it is a special part of the home, it is my workshop, my den, my bedroom and most important of all—it is all mine. There is a wonderful sense of security in that room. Here my body may rest, undisturbed, throughout the night. When I desire absolute peace and quiet, this room is always there to welcome me. Yes, it is all mine to make use of in whatever manner I may choose.

I feel also there must be more than just a haven of relaxation in a home to make it complete. There must be a feeling of acceptance and understanding. Besides everyone must be willing to contribute to one common cause. When I think of these qualities, again I think of my own home, and there is a deep sense of gratitude in my heart. It is there because I am thankful for the characteristics of our home that have rubbed off rough spots of my character and because I am able to contribute along with Mother and Father to keep our home life happy. I am thankful too that others can feel the same as I do about their homes.

Our world has given us many great scientists and philosophers but in my opinion the boy who said, "Why, we'll go to my house" rates a top notch in any catalog.

Maurice Chagnon, 12B

A Sketch

My mother scurried about the kitchen trying to get supper in time for my father. Her smooth brown hair shone like satin, and her hazel eyes glistened like diamonds as she prepared the meal. There was a slight smile on her face which made her blue cotton dress look even brighter than it was. Her white hands were busy every moment. With her in the room the whole room seems bright.

Virginia Scharf, 8B

Motion Picture

I like to ride in my car,
Speeding gaily near and far.
What a joy it is to fly along,
To hear the motor's buzzing song.
It makes me feel as if I had wings
Surpassing those of the bird that sings.
Churches, houses and meadows flash by,
And forests silhouetted against the blue sky.
Rivers are lines outspread on a map,
Each mountain is topped with a snowy cap.
The sun is a spotlight turned on the earth
Adding new brilliance, joy, and mirth.
All this I enjoy as I ride in my car.

Robert Winkler, 10A

The Goat

Once a goat ran wild in school. You may wonder what a goat was doing in school. Well I'll tell you.

You see it was only a baby goat or a kid, one that my mother had seen on sale at the market with four or five others. They were so cunning that she thought she would surprise my sister and me. And so she brought one home to us.

At first, my sister and I fed it from a bottle. As it grew a little older, my dad brought baskets of clover for its food but it still drank some milk. It grew rapidly.

One day about a week or two before Easter I asked my second grade teacher whether I might bring the goat to school to show my classmates. She approved of the idea and added that we should take it to the different classes of the school so that other boys and girls could see it.

You can imagine my delight when we took the goat to my second grade class. Everybody liked it. The goat seemed friendly. After everyone in my class had seen it, I took it to the kindergarten room. I can still see that room. There were buildings of blocks everywhere on the floor. Some that the children had built were three feet high. For some reason or other the goat went wild when it saw the block buildings. Before we realized what it was doing, it dashed at the houses, smashing them. It upset many chairs and ran out of the room. The whole class went after it.

We feared what might happen when we told our parents about the wild time we had had with the goat and how it had upset the kindergarten room. But strange as it may seem a policeman had come and said we couldn't keep a goat in the city. We were sorry to see it go but we couldn't do anything else. It was just starting to get its horns.

Christ Koconis, 10B

Betty Lou

It was not a complete surprise to us when my brother, Tilden, came home to tell us that he and Betty Lou were to be married. We had expected it for some time. Now Betty is a member of our family. Living in the same house with her and my brother, I have come to know her actions almost before she does them.

Betty is about five feet, one inch tall. She has shining black hair and twinkling black eyes that express her every mood. She talks with a hint of Southern accent, especially when she is excited. Her walk gives the impression that she is in a hurry, even when she is actually walking slowly.

Perhaps her walk just fits her personality. She is always doing something, but never quite getting everything done. Her emotions are very changeable and she does almost everything on impulse. Her loyalties, however, are not quickly changed and she is sometimes even stubborn when someone in whom she believes is being questioned.

Betty has many fine qualities, but perhaps the finest are kindness and sincerity. Her thoughtfulness for other people never seems to cease under any conditions. She is completely unselfish with her time and effort when one of us needs her help.

Betty's ancestors were Irish and she certainly received her share of their famous wit and temper. Having an Irish temper myself, I often marvel at Betty's control.

When Betty came home as Tilden's wife, she brought a little more love and a little more laughter along with her. She has added something to all of our lives. To Tilden, of course, she is a wonderful wife; to my parents she is a perfect daughter-in-law; and to my sister and me, she is not only a sweet sister-in-law, but a good friend.

Jeannette Taylor, 10B

Gossip

Gossip is a forest fire
Destroying all in its path,
And leaving only black, charred ruins.

Craig Gorris, 9B

Tornado

In the heavens high above,
It gathered disaster for the ones we love.
It put fear in the hearts of the strong and bold.
Its path was a secret; its strength untold.
It twisted and twirled and wrecked as it came;
The monstrous tornado left destruction and pain.

Thomas Swiatek, 7B

Joanie

Soft brown hair
Curling around her face,
Big brown eyes
Staring into space,
A fluffy pink dress
Edged with lace,
Joanie is lovely.
While sitting quietly
Pretending to read,
Surrounded by everything
She thinks a teacher will need,
This very young instructor
Feels important indeed,
Joanie loves to pretend.

An idea forms
In the three-year-old's head,
She'll hide her pajamas
So she can't go to bed
And run upstairs to play
With baby brother instead,
Joanie enjoys mischief.
While dressed like a princess,
She may act like a boy.
When adorned in blue jeans
She can act very coy.
You may think she's behaving
But find she has broken a toy,
Joanie is unpredictable.

Margaret Fadel, 9A

The Christmas News

If there had been a Christmas *News,*
Its headlines then would sing:
"The Christ Child now is born this night,
Peace on earth He'll bring."
There was no Christmas *News* that day.
Instead, there was a star.
It led them all to where he lay
In Bethlehem afar.
There was no Christmas *News* that day;
And yet, we know 'twas then
The timeless tale of peace on earth
Arose in hearts of men.

Mabel Roby, 11B

Magic Childhood

When I was a little girl I usually played alone since there constantly absorbed in themselves and were very unsportsman-was not interested in having their friendship, as they were like when we played together.
were only three other children my age in the neighborhood. I

I managed to keep away from two of them most of the time but the other, a girl, was always following me and making me uncomfortable. If she was not breaking my toys, she was throwing sand at me or teasing me until I was nearly purple with rage.

Once, because I refused to play with her, she pushed me off the porch down seven steps to the cement sidewalk on which I nearly fractured my skull. Reproof did not change her behavior toward me and so I was always hiding from her. I can truly say that when she moved I was not only happy, I was overjoyed.

After she left, the other two children, a girl and a boy, changed. They no longer were nasty and self-centered but friendly and cooperative.

We played together a great deal after she moved. We were always running around the block making believe we were being followed by terrible, hideous, war-painted Indian savages. If we were not doing this we were riding our tricycles, climbing the shed in the backyard, or just running around wildly.

Many times, though, I was alone and had to play in the yard by myself. On these occasions I had to use my imagination. I would sit in my sandbox and pretend I was at the beach or I would ride my tricycle and pretend I was riding up and down the large boulevards and through beautiful parks with bright colored flowers and happy children playing and laughing.

Although I had my heartaches and miseries I do not think I would change my childhood in the slightest way.

Dorothy Winovich, 11B

To Rosemary Rice
A sweet girl
I'm going to miss
lots next year. Hoping
you have all the luck in
the future.
Diana
Your
friend forever plus

Responsibility

To some people the things my parents do might seem just common everyday tasks, but to me some of the things they do are nobler and more heroic than brave ventures in the past. For instance, my mother works endlessly at the household tasks though she is often very tired. She will say, "It's better to do things today than to leave them for tomorrow."

My father could find reason at times, because of ill health, to stay at home, but instead, he shows his sense of duty by going to work as usual. Just recently my parents and my brother finished painting our house. Neither my father nor my mother complained of the extra job put on their shoulders.

My mother, as I said before, works in the house endlessly, but that isn't all. She even spends time at an outside job when neighbors ask her to come in to help. Right now Mother is helping to paint the woodwork. She says it takes work to make a house look attractive.

My father works as a truck driver, and that isn't easy work. He has held his job for almost eighteen years.

I believe my parents have a true sense of responsibility as well as patience, loyalty, and perseverance to stay with the jobs which they feel are theirs, even though the going isn't always easy.

This responsible feeling was formed in my parents at an early age. My mother had to help at home as soon as she was able, and at sixteen she was helping to earn her living. My father at the age of fourteen had to work on his father's farm. In my opinion, the sense of responsibility is formed in early years as in the lives of my parents. A sense of duty, a feeling of responsibility, and loyalty are a part of education needed for life. Any job undertaken will require a sense or feeling of responsibility if it is to be done well.

Diana Gaba, 10B

The New Home

Across the ocean and distant mountains
Far, far away in a strange country
I still remember as a dream
The home where I was born.
Sometimes I wonder "Did I do wrong,
To leave this far land
In exchange for this new country
Which welcomed me and filled me with pride?"
Across the ocean and distant mountains
Far, far away in the strange country
I will remember the place where I was born,
But cherish the new land as my own.

Vera Lisaschenko, 11A

MY NIECE

There she was, standing with a look of wonderment in her eyes. What had she done? Then it caught me, the aroma of the spilled perfume, that was it. Oh Sandra! What made her do things like this? My best bottle of perfume was spilled all over my dressing table. I suppose it was her curiosity again. She was always poking into things to see what they were.

I remember when she was about two years old, her curiosity got her into trouble. My mother was cooking applesauce and had left the room for a minute. Sandra, discovering her absence, made the most of it. She hurriedly left her toys and went to the nearest kitchen chair. Dragging it as best she could, she finally got it next to the stove. She crawled up, and when on top, she sized things up. Then into this wonderful smelling brew she put her hand. Oh, what a scream of horror!

My mother ran to the kitchen to see what had happened. Sandra wailed, she just couldn't stop. The big glassy tears came streaming down her face, and her eyes were so filled with daze and shock, it was pitiful. My mother had to take her to a hospital as soon as she could. Poor Sandra!

Annette Liscynski, 12B

The Desert

I walked in the desert
Where I could see only the sky and the sand—
No water, no rivers, nothing but sand.
I might get lost,
Only I was born in the desert
Where I followed with bow and arrow
The tracks of foxes and deer.

Victor Deeb, 9B

An Interesting Person

The most interesting person I know is my grandfather. He is sixty-eight years old and was born in Lebanon.

My grandparents came to this country about forty-eight years ago and my grandfather has been in the dry goods business since then. During this time he has picked up phrases of Italian as well as phrases of various other languages spoken by his customers. Sometimes he mixes some of these words and accents with English. The result is very unusual and can be understood only by those who know him well. The funny part of it is that when he confuses his words in this way his customers understand him.

Through the years, he has developed a keen interest and understanding of things. Through his customers he learns the different opinions of people on public and sometimes private matters. Because he has become quite interested in politics he likes to talk politics with his friends.

Of all the old people I know, my grandfather is the most modern. Most people think grandparents are old-fashioned. But my grandfather thinks that some teen-agers are old-fashioned in some of their beliefs.

Margaret Fadel, 10B

In Ohio

Lying with a sprained ankle on a ledge ten feet down a ravine would mean fear to most ten-year-old boys, but not to Abe. Abe's parents had taught him not to be afraid, no matter how serious anything was.

Abe and his dog, Rover, were out to check the bear traps. Suddenly he realized that he was too close to the edge of the cliff and that the edge was muddy and very slippery. He could feel himself slipping. The next instant he found himself on a ledge about ten feet down in a ravine. He tried to get up but could not move. He wailed in agony like a wild coyote. He called for help but no one answered. Then as he looked up he saw Rover above at the edge of the cliff. Rover started to howl, but Abe called to him, "Go home and get Father."

When Rover returned he had Abe's father with him. His father threw Abe a rope and pulled him up. When Abe had reached the top, his father carried the boy back to the cabin.

After Abe reached home his mother looked at his ankle and said it was sprained. She bandaged his ankle and gave him some warm soup to eat. Later as they sat before the fireplace of burning embers and his father told a story of his childhood, Abe fell fast asleep.

Betty Borosh, 9A

Mother

Perhaps the greatest compliment ever paid to my mother was, "How young you look!" This, to many, may be astonishing, considering how hard she has worked to raise my sister and me. She has natural beauty which my sister, not I, has inherited. Mother has medium arched eyebrows, blue-gray eyes, and a straight Greek nose. Perhaps the thing that sets her beauty off the most is her lips, which are always curved in a smile.

She does have one great fault, a very quick temper. She does not believe in repeating anything that she says. She seldom raises her voice and I have never seen her strike another person in anger. Many people believe that quick tempers come from the result of having red hair. This I can rule out, since her hair is ash blonde. Although I do not know where this temper of hers comes from, I do know there is always a good reason behind the outburst.

Mother has a rather nice weakness, an affection for all kinds of animals. Cats are her favorites. One look at a thin, stray cat and a light comes into her blue-gray eyes which signifies, "I'll take care of the poor thing." Perhaps she is soft-hearted, but to her, cats are nice, even if they do insist on sleeping in the wash basket. When they are mischievous, she always says, "I'm going to annihilate those cats, if they don't behave." She never does.

Josephine Priever, 10B

Christmas Season

Christmas is near
So I hear.
Santa's factories are so busy
That it makes him dizzy.
He's making toys
For girls and boys,
Putting them in a pack
That he throws on his back
Then he will set out
Without any doubt.
To your house and mine
And be here before nine.
He has but a short time
Before the twelfth chime;
And so into his sleigh
Without any delay
He'll away, away far away.

Bevery Ann Zahurik, 7B

What Is Love?

Who can tell me, what is Love?
The raging sea? The stars above?
Perhaps the gentle breeze that blows—
But, no! It's none of them, I know.
It's not the trees, nor yet the birds,
For Love can't be defined in words.
I've found my answer without disguise
Shining in my sweetheart's eyes.

Donna Jean White, 12B

Christmas Release

Our love, our joy we keep inside,
Longing for expression.
At Christmas time they burst forth
In greetings, gifts and gaiety
And prayers of thanksgiving.

Sally Savka, 10B

The Church Bell

Way up, up in a high steeple,
There rings a bell with a deep mellow tone,
And there, by the church, pause all the people
To listen to the bell's inviting tone.

Josephine Priever, 10A

The Stranger

On the morning of November second, nineteen hundred forty-eight, I got up a few minutes after ten because I had come home late from a party the night before. I went out into the back yard. The sun was forcing its rays through the inky darkness of the storm clouds and the trees were bending low as if they were frightened by the roaring wind. As I was walking around the yard many strange things were rushing into my mind. I was lonesome in a strange country and above all I did not know the language. I had been there a few minutes when a neighbor came out of her house. She was a teen-age girl about sixteen, with black hair and brown eyes.

As I looked at her I could see the sad expression on her face, I could tell that she wanted to help me. But between us there was a big obstacle—the language. As she came near me she was pushing a bicycle. When she got close she made me understand she wanted me to take a ride on it. I was afraid to because I didn't know the streets at all, but I got on the bicycle and rode off. When I turned at the first street corner I really was afraid. By the time I was ready to go home, I found that I really was lost. I was so frightened that I was shaking like a dog during the winter cold. My heart was beating like a piston, my brain cells lost their control. I felt like a crazy man, and all I could speak of the American language was "Yes" and "No."

The storm clouds above were getting darker and darker; the people began to go into their houses. Soon the rain began to pour down. There I was with only a light jacket on. I saw a woman across the street. I ran over and asked her in Italian whether she could tell me where Thirty-second Street was. She pointed. It was only four hundred feet away. Thank God, I made it back home, but half alive. From then on I never went out by myself until I knew the neighborhood well, and the language better.

Cosmo Midea, 10B

Shoes

What satisfaction it gives me to buy a pair of shoes that I still like when I get home! Finding the shoes is difficult because the only time I have to shop is Saturday afternoon. My latest shopping excursion was a masterpiece. As I entered the shoe store, two salesmen greeted me with, "What have you in mind?"

I answered vaguely, "A pair of dress shoes."

I was led to the rear of the store, where I waited twenty minutes for another salesman. The first pair of shoes he showed me was pink, decorated with sequins. The next pair was brown, with flat heels. The pink shoes were too fancy; the brown shoes were too plain. The salesman brought out three more pairs that were "Made for you," he said.

I didn't like them. By this time the salesman was aggravated; I was confused. Many thoughts were running through my mind; such as, "What fun it would be, to be a shoe designer like the Viner Brothers of Maine, and confuse women all over America!" In the end I did buy a pair of shoes—black flats, in absolute opposition to my original intention. And I still like them.

Eunice Perkins, 9A

A Welcome Sight

On a trip across the land,
On just a week end jaunt
No matter what the scenes you view,
Lakes or plains or mountains high,
The most welcome sight you will see
Is the first returning glimpse of home.

Virginia Weiberg, 11B

Have You Ever Seen?

Have you ever seen
Such a beautiful sight
As the diamond
In a diamond ring?
Have you ever seen
Such a beautiful sight
As a bright full moon
On an autumn night?
Have you ever seen
Such a beautiful view
As a rolling valley
When the grass is new?
Have you ever seen
Such a lovely sight
As a bride and groom
On their wedding night?

Susan Schubert, 10B

Trees

I think trees are pretty,
With their fresh green leaves.
They seem to me to whisper
As they sway in the breeze.

Barbara Gilak, 7B

Five Minutes

There was a feeling of anxiety in the air.

"Dennis! Dennis!" I called.

Dennis did not answer. The bright April day was unusually warm for the time of the year. But it turned black to me within sixty seconds. Dennis had been left in my care and had disappeared. In the yard only five minutes before, Dennis had been playing as happy as a tree swaying with the wind.

"Where could he be?" I asked myself.

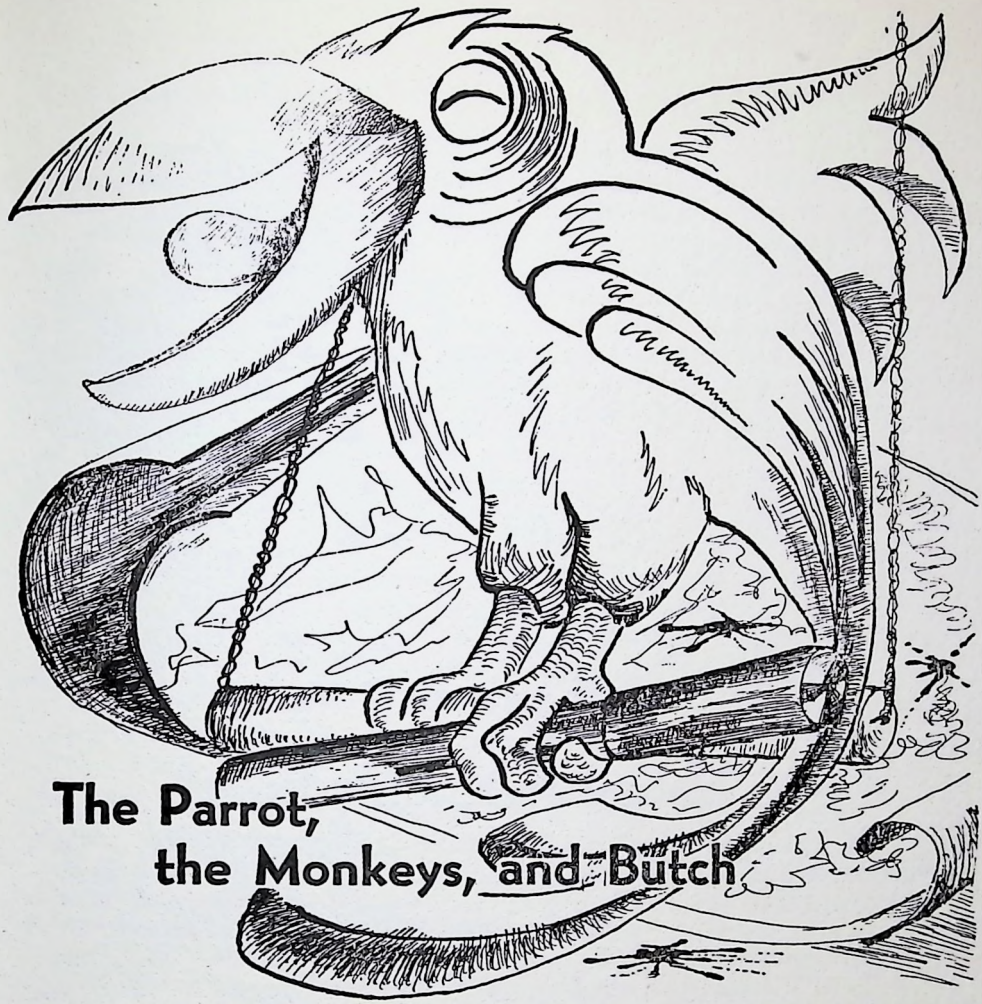
Everywhere I looked, there was no Dennis. Imagine my dismay when I looked on top of the house. There he was! I started toward the house but then Dennis started running around on the roof. How did he get there? I started looking for a ladder, knowing there was one in the back yard. There I found the ladder propped against the house. I started climbing. He was so close to the edge of the house I stopped and called Anne.

"Anne, will you attract Dennis's attention in the front yard so that I can go around to the back, climb the ladder, and get Dennis?"

"All right, I will go right now," Anne said.

I climbed up the ladder. Within five minutes Dennis and I were on the ground, safe and happy as before. What anxiety those five minutes had held!

Betty Mayfield, 10B



The Parrot, the Monkeys, and Butch

All families in their individual ways add to the lore of a state or of a community. Although our family history in the United States goes back to the Revolutionary War, we did not come to live in Ohio until August, 1945. And so I am not able to relate any true stories that happened in our family in this state as far back as one hundred years ago as some students can. However, as in most households, episodes out of the ordinary in everyday life occur to one or all of the members.

One night in October, last year, we went into a pet shop on Broadway Avenue and East 55th Street to look for a parakeet. While my parents were talking to the proprietor of the store, my brother, Butch, who was then ten years old, thought he would like to make friends with two playful, brown monkeys in their cage over in a corner. As soon as Butch stood in front of them, these quadrumanous mammals took one look at him, trembled, and then buried their heads in each other's arms and screamed at the tops of their voices.

Since this digression did not hurt Butch's feelings, he next decided to carry on a conversation with the owner's one hundred ninety-five doller versatile green and yellow parrot.

"Hello," he said, starting off the informal chit-chat very politely.

After a moment or so of close observation the parrot replied, "Hi." But he ended the sentence with his own punctuation mark, pfftt!—right into my brother's eyes!

Now, to my mother and father, to other people, and to me, Butch is a rather friendly, mannerly, nice-looking boy. The question is, however, what did he look like through the eyes of the monkeys and of the parrot that fateful October night?

Will this episode be a part of our family history? Will our family, also, in time contribute incidents that may become a part of the lore of Ohio? I hope so.

Marilyn Molter, 10B

Playful Ponies

Ponies are playful creatures;
They like to romp in fields
And kick up their heels and run.
I think ponies have lots of fun.

Barbara Gilak, 7B

Nature's Heartbreaks

I was astonished and heartbroken when I saw what damage a tornado did to our city in a short time. It tore down telephone wires, electrical systems. It uprooted trees, gas lines, and water lines. It blew out sides of houses. One house was on the lawn with the furniture strewn all around. All that stood of it was one corner. Another house was completely destroyed. It had been taken off the foundation and thrown against the garage on the lot next door. The car in the garage was completely demolished.

On one street there were four cars that trees had cut in two. The roof of one of the schools collapsed through to the second floor. Had there been any children in the rooms they would have been killed. Windows on some homes were smashed; signs were blown off the houses. Store windows were smashed and signs blown down.

In the short time that the tornado lasted, people felt they had lived a lifetime. It had taken some trees one hundred to over two hundred years to grow, but it took only three seconds to destroy them. It will take months to clean our city.

One moment people had a home and a family; the next, they were left homeless without a family. It was like a dream that never happened—it was so quick. To look at those people who were left homeless is enough to make one cry. Some day there may be peace on this earth from things like that. All we can do is pray that we are never victims of another tornado.

Donna Ryan, 9A

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